MARVEL LEGACY

CRAZY RUNS IN THE FAMILY

189

MOON KNIGHT™

BEMIS
BURROWS
ORTEGO
LOPES

NYC SUBWAY.

HAPPY TO HAVE MADE IT TO FRIDAY? THE STENCH OF YOUR JUBILANCE IS OFFENSIVE.

UM...YOU SHOULDN'T BE UP HERE, SIR. I'M GOING TO HAVE TO--

BUT YOU'RE RIGHT TO REJOICE.

TODAY YOU LEARN *THE TRUTH.*

SHHHH. LET YOUR PORES DRINK IN MY TOUCH.

TELL ME WHAT YOU'VE LEARNED BY KNOWING ME.

I'M LIVING IN YOU NOW.

ENUNCIATE.

H...H...HUMANITY IS *PERVERSE.*

GENOCIDE IS THE COMEUPPANCE WE DESERVE.

THERE IS NO CREATOR. *UNDEBATABLE.*

LOVE IS A CONTRIVANCE. *UNDEBATABLE.*

THE WHITE HOUSE IS THE DEATH STAR. TWITTER IS A VIRUS.

AND WHEN THE NUKES RAZE EVERYTHING WE KNOW...

...ONLY A *FOOL* WOULD CLAIM IT WASN'T OUR DESTINY.

CORRECT. MY VISION IS NOW YOUR VISION.

CALL ME *THE TRUTH.* I AM YOUR NEW COMPASS.

HOW DOES IT FEEL TO *KNOW?*

I...HATE... *EVERYTHING.*

HALLE-@#$%-LUJAH.

VRRRRRRRRRRR

Marc Spector. Steven Grant. Jake Lockley. Each a distinct personality of one man vying for control. Spector, the original personality, has asserted his dominance and fights to retain that control. But years ago, as a mercenary, Spector died in Egypt under a statue of the moon god **Khonshu.** In the shadow of the ancient deity, Marc returned to life. From then on, Marc took on a new aspect in honor of Khonshu, dedicating his second life to fighting crime as…

MOON KNIGHT

CRAZY RUNS IN THE FAMILY

PART 2

A mysterious nameless patient was admitted to Ravencroft after committing multiple homicides by fire. Seeking to understand his mental illness, his doctor, using Marc Spector's case as a template, attempted to have her patient see how he too can use the allegory of the gods to better understand his obsession. Where Spector turned to the moon god, the man known as Patient 86 found meaning in Amon Ra, the sun god. He set fire to the asylum with his doctor inside, using nothing but his own body. Patient 86 left, convinced he is the earthly aspect of Amon Ra, and he is very upset at his son, Khonshu.

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MY NAME IS KHONSHU, MOON GOD OF EGYPT.

I'M HERE TO TELL YOU A STORY ABOUT A MAD VIGILANTE NAMED *MARC SPECTOR.*

OUR TALE FINDS US HERE, ON A STANDARD NIGHT FOR MARC, WHO, WHEN DRESSED IN ALL WHITE AND DONNING A CAPE, REFERS TO HIMSELF AS *MOON KNIGHT.*

MARC HAS SPENT TEN MINUTES DECORATING THIS BAR WITH THE BLOOD OF THESE DRUG DEALERS AND SLAVERS.

THE CACOPHONY OF SNAPPING COLLARBONES AND PIT-PATTERING PLASMA IS LIKE *WHALE SONG* TO HIM.

AS THE THUD OF A MAN BEING LITERALLY PUNTED ACROSS THE ROOM SOUNDS, MARC SPECTOR IS GRATEFUL FOR HIS LIFE.

FOR THE PRIVILEGE OF SERVING *ME.*

KHONSHU, PROTECTOR OF TRAVELERS IN THE NIGHT.

YOU SEE, MARC SPECTOR IS CRAZY.

BUT IN THE CONTEXT OF MY BLESSING, HE IS, WELL...A "*SUPER HERO.*"

AFTER A PERSONAL CRISIS, MARC DECIDED TO TAKE HIS PROBLEMS MORE SERIOUSLY.

HE STRUGGLES WITH *MULTIPLE PERSONALITY DISORDER.*

I'LL HAVE YOUR RENT IN THE MORNING, MAVIS.

Cash Only!

NO REFUNDS

SLEEP TIGHT, HANDSOME.

IT'S HARD TO COPE WITH AN EGYPTIAN DEMIGOD LIVING IN YOUR HEAD (AMONGST OTHERS).

IT TOOK MARC A WHILE TO ACCEPT HIS NATURE AND WIELD HIS LUNACY LIKE A WEAPON.

THERAPY ENRICHED HIS CHARACTER AND TAUGHT HIM TO UTILIZE HIS THREE DISTINCT IDENTITIES.

HE'S FOUND A SORT OF PEACE AND NO LONGER RESENTS SHARING HIS HEAD.

HONESTLY? YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN MARC *BEFORE* HE BECAME MY AVATAR.

PATHETIC, A MERCENARY BLEEDING OUT IN AN EGYPTIAN TEMPLE, BEGGING A CRUMBLING STATUE TO SAVE HIS LIFE.

MY STATUE.

IN THAT MOMENT, HE BECAME THE INSTRUMENT OF MY SPIRIT. MY EARTHLY MANIFESTATION. MY *CHAMPION*--

--WITH THE NEWFOUND PURPOSE OF SAVING INNOCENTS FROM THE MANY DANGERS THAT HAUNT THE NIGHTTIME.

OR PERHAPS HE WAS A SPACE CADET WHOSE PSYCHOSIS WAS TRIGGERED BY BEING SHOT UP AND DRIED OUT IN THE BAKING MIDDLE EAST SUN.

YOUR CALL.

IT IS NOW MORNING.

MARC IS READY TO BECOME SOMEONE ELSE.

TODAY, MARC TAKES ON THE FORM OF STEVEN GRANT, WEALTHY AND STYLISH INVESTOR AND ENTREPRENEUR.

LOOKING GOOD, STEVEN.

THANKS, KHONSHU.

STEVEN GRANT IS A GOOD MAN.

THOUGH NARCISSISTIC AND DECADENT, HE MANIPULATES THE SYSTEM TO BENEFIT THE DISENFRANCHISED.

STEVEN GRANT AND MARC SPECTOR SHARE A MUTUAL ADMIRATION.

I FIND HIM TO BE A TOLERABLE ANNOYANCE.

BUT ANYTHING IS BETTER THAN...*THE OTHER GUY.*

WE'LL AVOID DISCUSSING HIM FOR NOW.

BESIDES... SOMETHING DREADFUL IS AFOOT.

FINE. YOU CAME TO THE MAN WHO KNOWS EVERYONE.

BUT ONLY BECAUSE I OWE YA...

HEAD TO THE PARK AT MIDNIGHT. NEAR HARLEM.

FIND YERSELF A GIRL NAMED CHRIS...

Sex 4 Snacks

YEAH, I'VE MET THE GUY. *UNFORTUNATELY.*

I...DISTRIBUTED FOR HIM FOR A COUPLE OF WEEKS. STILL KINDA CREEPED OUT, HONESTLY.

HE GOES BY "THE LIVING DEATH," SET UP SHOP IN THE BRONX.

TO THE *@#$% ARMED FORCES.*

AND SOBRIETY.

MYRA'S UNDER THE GUY'S THUMB.

BUT MYRA DON'T DO NOTHIN' FOR FREE. ESPECIALLY TALK.

THAT'S THE PLACE.

TAKE THE M TO SAVE A FEW MINUTES, HONEY.

TOP FLOOR. JUST LIKE YOU'D GUESS. PSSHHH.

BUT YOU BEST KNOW SOMEONE WHO KNOWS SOMEONE, YO.

NOT EVEN A LENGTHY ABSENCE COULD PUT A DENT IN STEVEN GRANT'S PORTFOLIO.

WHICH MEANS YOU'VE DOUBLED YOUR WEALTH ***AND*** OUR NET WORTH FROM A YACHT IN THE CAYMAN ISLANDS, EVEN WITHOUT CELL SERVICE.

IT'S UNPRECEDENTED. WE COULDN'T HAVE DONE THIS WITHOUT YOU.

AS OF TODAY, WE WENT FROM POTENTIALITY TO REALIZATION. WE'RE NOT JUST RICH, WE'RE 2017 RICH.

YOU ENIGMATIC @#$% ***GENIUS.***

YOU'RE SURE ABOUT THIS?

DIVERTING YOUR ENTIRE SLICE OF THE PIE TO THIS LUNAR LIVES FUND OF YOURS?

YOU'VE PROBABLY PUT A SANDWICH IN THE HAND OF HALF THE DISPLACED YOUTH IN NEW YORK CITY BY NOW, STEVEN.

DON'T ***YOU*** DESERVE A LITTLE, YOURSELF?

HOLDING ONTO MONEY IS BORING, FRED.

I GET MY KICKS FROM THROWING IT AROUND ***WHERE IT DOESN'T BELONG.***

...REPORTS SAY THAT IT WAS A CONDUCTOR'S **SUICIDE** THAT INSTIGATED THE COLLISION, NOW A SCENE OF **GORE AND DESTRUCTION.**

THE GHASTLY SCENE IS WORSENED BY THE BIZARRE BEHAVIOR OF THE SURVIVORS.

SELF-MUTILATION AND VIOLENT BEHAVIOR ABOUND, TURNING A TENSE SITUATION INTO CHAOS AS AID WORKERS FLOOD THE SCENE.

NEW YORK, ALL WE CAN DO IS HOPE THAT THIS **INSANITY** HAS AN EXPLANATION.

THERE'S ALWAYS AN EXPLANATION.

'SRIGHT, GRANT. SSSALWAYS AN ESSPERATION.

I'VE GOT TO GO, McALLISTER. CALL YOUR SPONSOR.

AND SO HE SOARS INTO THE GAPING MAW OF THE NIGHT.

YOU LOST, BEE GEE OF NAZARETH?

YOU, FRIEND, ARE THE ONE WHO IS LOST.

I'M HERE TO SEE THE MAN WHO ACTS AS RULER OF THIS BUILDING.

DON'T KNOW WHY YOU THINK YOU CAN TOUCH ME, BUT YOU NEED AN ESCORT TO SEE HIM.

AND NOTHIN' IS REALLY TEMPTING ME TO VOUCH FOR YOU.

PLEASE.

I DON'T WANT TO HAVE TO *BURN YOU.*

DAMN, FELLAS. WE SHOULD BE SELLING WHAT THIS GUY'S ON! HA!

WHAT THE--AH!

AHHHH! *AAGHHHHHHH!!!!!!*

TOLD YOU.

QUITE FAMILIAR WITH ALL THE THINGS THAT MAKE MEN WEEP AND SOIL THEMSELVES, MARC SPECTOR FELT AT HOME IN THESE DERELICT TUNNELS.

AFTER TOO MUCH TIME CONFINED IN A WHITE ROOM, THE ODOR OF DEAD RAT FART AND FUNGAL GROWTH ACTUALLY *CALMED* HIS BUSY BRAIN.

HE WAS IN HIS ELEMENT-- THE INSPECTOR HOLMES OF KUNG FU MADMEN.

FROM THE RANDOM INCIDENCES OF MUTUAL INSANITY AT THE SCENE OF THE CRASH, HE KNEW HE WAS DEALING WITH THE IMPLEMENTATION OF PSIONIC ABILITIES.

HISTORICALLY, HE HAD FOUND TELEPATHS TO GENERALLY BE MEEK CHARACTERS USING THEIR SWAY OVER THE MIND AS COMPENSATION FOR PHYSICAL FRAILTY.

LIKE SEXUALLY FEEBLE MEN WITH MUSCLE CARS.

THOUGH THIS WOULD SURELY LEAD TO HIM HURLING CRESCENT DARTS AT SOME VILLAIN...

...HE WAS, AT THE VERY LEAST, NOT GOING TO HAVE TO OVERDO IT ON THE CARDIO.

...MARC SPECTOR CAN BE OVERLY CONFIDENT.

CAPITALISM IS A MURDER MACHINE. PUNK IS DEAD.

A KISS IS A SHARED SYRINGE.

WE CANNOT GRASP THE TRUTH.

TEACHING AMERICAN HISTORY IS A FORM OF ABUSE.

TERRORISTS ARE THE NEW APOSTLES.

HELP ME. HELP ME.

I KILLED MY MOTHER WITH WORRY.

JUST KNOWING ME IS A SICKNESS.

DO YOU REALLY THINK THAT?

OR ARE YOU JUST SAYING IT BECAUSE *HE* SAYS SO?

YOU.

BEFORE I KNOCK YOU OUT, TELL ME...

DO YOU NEED TO BE CALLED ANYTHING?

YOU MAY ADDRESS ME AS *THE TRUTH.*

AND YOU WON'T SPEAK SO HAUGHTILY ONCE I GET AHOLD OF YOU.

MMMPHH.

MMMPHH.

MMMPHH.

ARGH! TIRESOME!

AHKKKK--

OUR HERO'S THOUGHTS DISTORT AS THE MONSTROSITY'S SWOLLEN MITTS CHOKE THE LIFE OUT OF HIM...

UGHH... WON'T LET... YOU...

HHH.

THE DEAD WEIGHT OF AN IMPOSED, HOPELESS REALITY BEGINS TO SMOTHER HIS WILL TO LIVE.

I'M A MAD CIRCUS CLOWN... THIS IS ALL FOR MYSELF.

THERE IS NO MOON GOD. JUST ANOTHER... S-SICK DELUSION--

WHAM

GHH.

I #@$% *LOVE IT!*

SLICE

YOU GIANT *PEST.*

WHAM

NOT HAVING A LOT OF LUCK HERE, FELLAS.

KHONSHU'S MORE OF A TALKER AND THIS GUY'S POWER SET IS THE REAL DEAL.

GRANT'S USELESS...

DOUBT THE TRUTH IS LOOKING FOR STOCK TIPS.

I'M GONNA NEED...

ARRRRRRRRRRGAHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

...DO YOUR WORST, JAKE.

HA.

BEEN TOO LONG.

YOU LIKE TO TOUCH PEOPLE WITHOUT ASKING, DON'T YOU, BOY?

MANAGED TO GET A FEW LICKS IN, SHAKE UP MARC'S DENTURES.

→PSHHHW←

YOU SHOULD FEEL *LUCKY.*

UGH!

YOU WANT TO STEP INTO *JAKE LOCKLEY'S* MIND, YOU GIGANTIC FREAK?

I @#$% DARE YOU.

YOU MET MARC. MARC'S DISTURBED AS HELL.

NOW IMAGINE THAT HE TOOK ALL THE WORST PARTS OF HIMSELF AND LET THEM FUSE INTO A LIVING PERSON.

NOW, GO AHEAD. TASTE *MY* TRUTH, YOU *LEECH.*

YOU'RE NOT ALLOWED TO KILL HIM, JAKE.

AIIIEEEEEEEEEE!!!

DEAR GOD.

THE THINGS...

THE THINGS YOU'VE DONE.

HE HAS NO IDEA... DOES HE?

YOU BLIND HIM TO YOUR FOUL ACTIONS!

I'LL TELL HIM, YOU FOOL! I'LL TELL HIM ABOUT...

THAT'LL BE ENOUGH OUT OF YOU.

BACK TO YOU AT THE STUDIO, SPECTOR.

AAGGGHHH!

SHUNK SHUNK

UMMMPH.

WHAT WAS HE *TALKING ABOUT*, JAKE?

THIS IS EXACTLY WHAT WE *AGREED NOT TO DO!* WE *WILL* TALK ABOUT THIS LATER!

DAMMIT.

HMMPH.

WELL, WHAT CAN I SAY?

THE TRUTH... *HURTS.*

OH, DEAR.

MARC.

WHAT?

I'M NOT ALWAYS JUST GRIM AND VIOLENT.

HELLO?

I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE NOT USED TO HAVING MEN SPEAK TO YOU OUT OF TURN, SO I WON'T TAKE UP TOO MUCH OF YOUR TIME.

I'LL LEAD WITH THE BASICS.

I WAS PUT ON THIS EARTH TO DESTROY KHONSHU.

AS A MANIFESTATION OF HIS FATHER, RA, I AM OFFENDED THAT HE CONTINUES TO BREATHE AND SPREAD HIS GOSPEL OF DISSENT THROUGH A FOUL AVATAR.

A *HEBREW*, NO LESS.

I WANT YOUR HELP TO END MARC SPECTOR.

WELL, YOU'RE CERTAINLY INSANE ENOUGH.

BUT I KNOW IT TAKES MORE THAN BLOODLUST TO TAKE DOWN SPECTOR, AND YOU'RE JUST A MAN.

SO MAYBE YOU SHOULD JUST RUN ALONG AND--

FWOOOOSH

HEH.

YOU'VE GOT MY ATTENTION.

NEXT: THE PLAN!

NEXT ISSUE:

MOON KNIGHT VS. SUN KING

Send letters to **MHEROES@marvel.com;** be sure to mark them **"OK TO PRINT."**

ZONE